The Pomos and Their Ka Yah and Poh Money.

PROCESS OF POLISHING THE SHELLS

Time and Labor Enter Into Their Making and Value.

SOME PREHISTORIC SECRETS

From the Overland Monthly.

On the Pacific slope, in that beautiful neuntain region north of San Francisco. a type of Indian still lives which preserves largely the ancient customs. Ethnologi cally distinct, void of ambition, with its fleree joys and sorrows, the Digger-to use the common but incorrect general term for the Indians of central and southern California-wends his humble way through the byroads of civilization, shunning all cause for cavil or avarice of his white reighbor. Conspicuous in these characteristics are the Pomos of Mendocino ecunty, Cal. Much of what the warlike eastern tribes have lost after vain though fierce resistance the Pomos have retained by pacific diplomacy. In their intercourse with the white man peace and acquiescence have been their policy in every question but one

One single birth-right he yet jealously guards-his religious and financial customs. To the inutility of either to us he probably now owes his existence. The Jesuit fathers established missions for his spiritual welfare, and their ardent labors spiritual welfare, and their artent inters have left only memories of a mysterious jargon and youthful days spent in drudgery. To this day the Pomo's faith in the coyote as the creator of all things, as

coyote as the creator of all things, as Gillok, as the avenger of every fault, remains unshaken.

The Pacific coast north of San Francisco is noted for rough weather and a cangerers shore, broken in but few places sufficiently to form before in but few places. sufficiently to form harbors. The southern side of that long promontory which pro-jects just north of Bodega bay, and guards its entrance, has for countless years been the favorite, in fact about the only, fish camp for Indians in all that region. They come at regular intervals, ranging the beach in search of mollusks and other marine life cast up by the breakers.

Bimetallism in Shells.

The Pomo can be termed a bimetallist, for, though metal is used in his coinage, yet he aptly calls his white ka yah "Intun silver," and for gold he mints out cylinders from a handsome mottled stone called poh. Ka yah (water bone) comes from the two well-known clam shells, Saxidormis gra-cilis ard Cardium corbis. They are first broken in the hand with a stone into roughly rounded disks, and later, by means of a quartz implement having sharp edges,

the angles are deftly chipped off.

When he approves of the size and quality
of the little pile gleaming in front of him like tiny biscuits of pearl, the old coiner arises, and after much fumbling around in the gloom of his shah brings forth his ka win, or boring machine. The principle of this machine is familiar to certain class-es of artisans the world over, and dates back to the earliest history of China. It is an upright shaft alternately revolving right and left as the torsion or relaxation of a string attached to its top is felt. Wood and buckskin are the only materials in its construction, except the boring point, which now is the snarpened triangular end of a small file.

He kneels with flexed feet as a cushion He kneels with flexed feet as a cushion in a position seemingly unendurable, and under a fervid sun the whirr, whirr, is kept up as long as daylight itself. The drill being conical he bores from each side, to preserve an even caliber, and completes the operation by a few deft turns of a reamer held in the fingers. As the shell varies in thickness, so we find ka yah varied in diameter, ranging from the size of a large porcelain button down to a disk so minute and fragile that it is a marvel it was perforated without fracture. In fact, the hole ofttimes looks larger than the coin.

The Polishing.

Next comes the polishing. Pieces of uniform size are strong on willow shoots or a wire about a foot long, and some half dozen of these at a time are rolled side by side under the hands, back and forth, on top of a sandstone slab, with water, till the rough edges are scoured off and the pieces become round and polished. This is essen become round and poissed. This is essentially a man's work, requiring strength, dexterity, judgment and endurance. The lime and water produce a corroding fluid, which wrinkles and seams a coiner's hands so that they show their owner's profession at a glance.

The ka yah, now finished, is sorted into

strings according to diameter and hidden in some secret recess. The hinges of the clam shell are much thicker than its body, and furnish long cylinders much more val-uable than the flat pieces, ranking next to poh. "Injun gold," or poh. comes from a stone

a species of magnesite, found under the alluvium bordering Clear lake, California, and occurs in lumps oval from attrition, and about eight inches in length. When newly mined by the Indian its surface is crumbly and degenerate, but fracture reveals a grain milky white and form. veals a grain milky white and of a hard-

veals a grain milky white and of a hard-ness sufficient to turn tool steel.

The mass must now be baked. A pit about the size of a wash basin is dug, in and over which a fire is kept burning till the ashes fill it. Then the stone is dropped in and covered with ashes and the fire re-plenished. It takes about four hours to "cook" the kabey, after which it is remov-"cook" the kabey, after which it is removed while in a certain red heat, and plunged into a basket of boiling water. A mild explosion accompanies the plunge, rendering the stone into some dozen jagged fragments, and ofttimes, when unskillfully done, instant disintegration follows and somebody gets hurt. done, instant disme-done, instant disme-somebody gets hurt.

As iron enters somewhat into this mineral's composition, a vivid red exhibits its exide after excessive heat and moisture. One can hardly believe it the same as the white stone of a few hours ago; for it is now as fragile as glass and mottled throughout with every shade, from burn; throughout with every shade, from burnt sienna to translucent porcelain. Each fragment is surveyed with critical eyes to determine the largest perfect cylinder to be obtained from it. Next comes the most careful of all the

Next comes the most careful of all the coiner's work, shaping the poh, which is accomplished by chipping off minute particles till the shape is approximated. In bygone days the piece was held in the hand and gently struck with the edge of a quartz hammer, but the Indian has discovered in sheep shears a more expeditious tool. A single unskillful blow breaks and ruins the poh, already, perhaps, having two weeks' labor upon it. poh, already. labor upon it.

Before the grindstone became known slabs of silicious stone found in the neighdown with water. The grindstone haived this work.

A computation has been made of time

spent in actual labor upon a certain piece of rough poh, and it took nearly ten hours of skilled white labor, with the best of modern tools (diamond point excepted) to bring it into shape. To this must be added two hours for lathe boring and polishing, thus consuming a full day.

Boring the Stuff. Considering the fact that the Indians

were ignorant of the mechanical value of precious stones (the sapphire was well known), it is a difficult matter to determine just what they formerly used to bore poh. Traditions mention three substances, quartz, obsidian and flint, none of which are as hard as poh. Metals are out of the question, and the shaping of a sapphire point equally improbable. All efforts for years to obtain this information have been without result, and the unvarying answer is, "Moul kabey bechu" (Some little rock) is, "Moul kabey bechu" (Some little rock). It is positive, however, that the stone was immersed while bored, and experiments indicate that either of the three minerals mentioned renders the proceas possible, though excessively tedious. The water-tempered file, attenuated and tapering to a point, is the tool now in use. As with the ka yah, borings are made from each side and reamed out where the cones meet. We have now the three Pomo bases of

WAMPUM STILL USED finance, ka yah, hot sy dah (clam shell hinge) and poh, each of them with a purchasing power among the Indians comparing respectively to our coppers, bits (12½ cents) and gold. There is no standard size

cents) and gold. There is no standard size and weight; each piece is valued according to its finish, size and material.

Counterfeits appeared as early as 1816, when the Russian explorer, Kuskoff, ordered made and sent him a certain pattern of glass beads to trade with wild tribes in New Albion. A number of these beads were exhumed from a very old grave not long ago, and proved to be good imitations both in form and color, but quite lacking in luster.

Counterfeiting Punished. It is recorded that the wild tribes soon detected the cheat and cast them out with abhorrence. Tradition confirms the record with added details of how three Russian traders of charlil kol (devil's beads) were taken unawares and their heads burned

with the beads.

Visitors at the rancheria cannot fail to note the number of coiners at work, and, knowing that wampum has no favor with the grocer, often ask why so much labor is spent on a money that will not buy.

No. it does not directly buy any more than our dollar would in some ultra-foreign shop. It must be exchanged first and the coin of that country proffered instead. So with the Pomo. When in need of a commodity and short of cash he takes a string of ka van to his neighbor and except commodity and short of cash he takes a string of ka yah to his nelghbor and exchanges 120 pieces for a silver dollar, or a \$10 poh for \$8 cash. He is content, while the neighbor makes a good brokerage on the transaction. Pomo wampum appreciates with distance from its makers; in fact is at a hardsome promium in the Sec. clates with distance from its makers; in fact, is at a handsome premium in the Sacramento valley and in other distant rancherias.

NEW FIND OF HUGO LETTERS.

Interesting Pictures of His Economy in Early Life. Paris Letter to the Philadelphia Ledger. Some interesting letters written from Victor Hugo to his wife during his exile in Brussels in 1851-52 have just been published here for the first time. They show the great poet in a very human light, for he writes, as it were, in his dressing gown and slippers in the most unaffected and chatty manner possible. Thus in one of the earliest of the letters he urges his wife to be economical, and to take pains to carefully eke out the money that he has left her. He himself, he says, has enough to go on with for some time, for 100 francs will amply suffice him for a month's expenses. His lodging cost him but one franc a day, his breakfast half a franc, his dinner a franc and a quarter and his fire 25 centimes. The remaining 10 francs, he declares, will suffice to pay his laundress and to defray his little out-of-pocket expenses. His son, Charles, was living on the same scale. This is how the poet spent his day: "I rise at 8 o'clock in the morning and call Charles, who, nevertheless, stays in bed. I then work, keeping on till noon, the breakfast hour. At 3 I sit down again to work and stay writing till dinner; then un-til 10 stroiling about or making calls. From 10 to midnight work. At midnight I make my bed and lie down. The sheets are hardly bigger than table napkins, and the blan-kets are the size of a small table cloth. I have invented a mode of knitting them together so as to have my feet covered, and will unravel the knitting before I give up the room. I have the bed to air every day, and make it every evening. Charles sleeps like a top." In another letter he describes his call on M. Rogier, the minister of the interior to whom he was very freely coninterior, to whom he was very frank con-cerning his intentions. Hugo told him that he considered it was his duty to write the history of the events he had just witnessed in Paris while they were fresh in his mem-ory. He felt, therefore, that he could ac-cent no conditions as regard his stay in cept no conditions as regards his stay in Belgium. The Belgian government might evict him if they saw fit. But he asks his wife whether the course he is determined to take might inure to the disadvantage of his sons. "Tell me what you think," he says. "If anything I might write were likely to injure them I should swallow my anger and keep silence. In this case I shall confine myself to finishing my book, 'Les Miseries.' "afterward of course the shall confine myself to finishing my book, 'Les Miseries.' "-afterward, of course, the celebrated "Les Miserables." "Who knows? This may be my only chance of finishing it. M. Rogier said that if I published now my stay in Brussels might seriously embarrass the government. Belgium was a little state with a strong and violent neighbor. I said: 'Well, if I decide to publish, I shall go to London.' We left on friendly terms. He offered me some shirts. As a matter of fact, I need them. I am without matter of fact, I need them. I am without clothes or body linen. Take the empty trunk and fill it with my things. Do not forget to pack in it my gray hose and drawers, my second-best trousers, my old gray trousers, my coat, my surtout with military braiding. You will find the hood on the carved oak settle. I also need the new pair of shoes. Besides the pair at home I ordered another pair at Kuhn's, in the Rue de Valois. Send for and pay for them (186) and stuff them into the truth." them (18f.) and stuff them into the trunk."
Later on he writes: "To succeed in ry
work here I must live like a Stoic, and in poverty. I say to every one that I have no need of money. My wants are few and I can wait. Those who want money must be the prey of money lenders. They are lost. Look at Dumas. I am in a garret with no furniture but a table, two chairs and a wretened bed. I work the whole day and hardly feel my poverty, and can live on 100 fr. a month. Offers of services crowd upon me. Today a young man introduced him-self in a cafe. He was a painter and wanted to paint me in my garret and give me the picture. The burgomaster has been to see me, and asked what he could do for me. 'Just one thing.' 'What is it?' 'Not to whitewash the facade of your Hotel de

ville. 'You don't mean to say so; is it not nicer to have it white than dirty?' 'No, it's better dirty.' 'Well, then, to please you there shall be no whitewash.' 'Since you want to be agreeable, darken the belfry; you have made it look brand new.'"

THE BIRTHPLACE OF "PICKWICK." One of Dickens' Earlier Homes to Be Demolished.

From the London Sketch. With the impending removal of Furnival's Inn, to make way for modern residential flats, one of the too few remains of Dickens' London will disappear. It was scon after he entered the gallery, at the age of nineteen, and about the year 1831, that Charles Dickens first occupied chambers in the inn. He did not, it would seem, go there direct from the parental home, for his eldest son has told us that his father's bachelor life began in lodgings at Buckingham street, Strand. But Furnival's Inn was Dickens' home during the Morning Chronicle days, and his earliest letter dealing with literary matters is

written from No. 15.
From Furnival's Inn are dated the original prefaces to the "Sketches by Boz," and here he has told us that one day, when he was a young man of two or when he was a young man of two or three and twenty, he opened the door to Mr. Hall, a partner in the then newly established publishing firm of Chapman & Hall, who came to propose "a something that should be published in shilling numbers," and "Pickwick" was the result.

Here Dickens brought home his wife in
April, 1836—when the first number had
just appeared of the book which made
him famous—and here his eldest son was
born. Dickens left Furnival's Inn in
March 1837 and more than this born. Dickens left Furnival's Inn in March, 1837, and more than thirty years passed ere he again mounted its stairs, when in the summer of 1809 he showed Mr. Fields, at the request of the latter, where the first page of "Pickwick" was

That Dickens cherished pleasant recollections of his early home those pages of "Martin Chuzzlewit" which picture the de-lights of honest John Westlock's bachelor ehambers surely testify. But "there is lit-tle enough to see in Furnival's Inn," he tells us. "It is a shady, quiet place, echo-ing to the footsteps of the stragglers who

have business there, and rather mon nous and gloomy on summer evenings. Advantages of Worrying a Little.

From the Atchison Globe. Don't join a Don't Worry Club. Don't try not to worry. While contentment is a pleasing virtue, the people you know who are contented would be better off if they worried more. Absolute contentment and indifferent to the possible troubles of toindifferent to the possible troubles of tomorrow will lead any one in the poor
house. The cow doesn't worry, neither
does the clam; but people are built to
worry, and it was intended that they
should. On the other hand, if you worry
much it will land you in the insane crylum.
It is the insane asylum on the one hand
and the poor farm on the other. The point
is to worry just enough to keep out of
both of them.

ANIMALS ONCE WILD

Pets.

Queer Traits in Many of Our Domestic

Why a Hog Makes Such a Pig of Himself and the Rabbit's Tail . . in White. .

From Blackwood's Magazine.

Dr. Louis Robinson has made an interest ing volume by taking in order the domestic animals and showing us some of the traits which mark them out as having been once wild. While some of his instances are obvious enough, others seem almost too ingenious to be scientific. It is easy to agree that, when a watch dog barks, his action is traceable to the old instinct for guarding the lair of the pack; that the speed and staying power of the horse were developed in the first place to enable him to escape from his gaunt, persistent foe, the wolf; or that cows chew the cud because in early times they had to get in a store of food rapidly whenever they could, and were obliged to masticate it afterward when they were safe from the other beasts that they were safe from the other beasts that haunted their feeding-grounds. We can even accept the terms "canine political economy" and "communal canine morality" as having some sort of meaning in the dog world. But Dr. Robinson is far from being content with the obvious. In a very interesting passage he formulates a very interesting passage he formulates the theory that the markings of tabby cats are an instance of that "protective mimic-ry" which is common enough among flying and creeping things, but is supposed to and creeping things, but is supposed to be almost unknown among mammals. Eagles, he has found, are particularly fond of the flesh of animals of the cat tribe (this is not a discovery, though Dr. Robinson has strong confirmation to bring forward); and he points out that, when a tabby is curled up asleep, its markings, looked at from above, are curiously serpentine—so much so that an eagle might easily mistake it for its dreaded enemy, the snake. Again, the spitting and hissing of a cat closely resemble the sounds made by serpents, and the head of an angry cat, "with ears pressed flat, eyes glassy and staring and exposed fangs," might well be mistaken for that of a large snake. The deception would be heightened, too, by the snake-like movement of the cat's tail, and from these similarities Dr. Robinson deduces his theory.

Whatever doubt we may have as to the protective meaning of the concentric bands

protective meaning of the concentric bands upon the sleeping ocelot or tabby, or of the attitude, movement and utterances which characterize a cat at bay, there can, I think, be no two opinions as to the cause of origin, and as to the protective value, of the hiss when uttered by helpless young creatures such as those we have been discussing. And if the latter part of the case be admitted, I do not see where the skeptic is to draw the line and say, "This may be true protective mimicry, but this must be accounted for on other grounds." Dr. Robinson would be pleased if he could regard the fluffy white tails of rabbits as emblems of altruism on the part of these engaging little creatures. He has no doubt that the tails serve as danger sig-nals when it is too dark for their brown bodies to be seen, but he sadly dismisses the altruistic theory (how Uncle Remus would have appreciated it) and compares would have appreciated to and compared the arrangement of which the tails stand as evidence to "such highly civilized and prosaic things as rates and taxes." Certainly our rabbit or deer confers a benefit on his fellows at some expense to himself. But we know—because of the universal character of the above law, if for no other reason—that he gets back from the community every bit as much as he gives * * Thus, supposing the life of a rabbit is threatened twenty times a year (a very moderate estimate) through his rendering himself specially visible, he receives more than twenty warrings from

receives more than twenty warnings from the caudal danger signals of his fellow-citizens of the presence of dangerous foes which might otherwise kill him. The reone finds in civilized human communities.

Dr. Robinson (to take one more instance) of his suggestive illustrations) is inclined to defend the domestic pig from the charge of greediness usually laid at its door. He would have us remember that the hog in its wild state was obliged to devote all his attention to food when he could get it. and to put on as much flesh as pos

short commons. You will thus see that the hog which had amassed within his own private bank a shilling's worth of adipose savings more than his fellows, would in an exceptionally protracted and inclement winter be one of the few to survive. He would naturally transmit his talents to his progeny, and thus it comes about that in the present day no animal so handsomely responds to liberal feeding as the domestic pig.

COREA'S CAPITAL.

The Filthy Condition of the Streets of Seoul. From Mrs. Bird's "Corea and Her Neighbors."

I know Seoul by day and night, its palaces and its slums, its unspeakable meanness and faded splendors, its purposeles crowds,its mediaeval processions, which for barbaric splendor cannot be matched on earth the filth of its crowded alleys, and its pitiful attempt to retain its manners. customs and identity as the capital of an ancient monarchy in the face of the host of disintegrating influences which are at work; but it is not at first that "one takes it in." I had known it for a year be-fore I appreciated it, or fully realized that it is entitled to be regarded as one of the great capitals of the world. * * * Looking down on this great city, which has the aspect of a lotus-pond in November, or an expanse of over-ripe mushrooms, the eye naturally follows the course of the wall, which is discerned in the most cutlandish places, climbing Nam-San in one direction and going clear over the crest of Puk-han in another, inclosing a piece of forest here and a vacant plain there, descending into when least expected. This wall, which contrives to look nearly as solid as the hillsides which it climbs, is from 25 feet to 40 feet in height and fourteen miles in circumference, battlemented along its entire length, and pierced by eight gateways, solid arches or tunnels of stone systems. solid arches or tunnels of stone, surmount-ed by lofty gate-houses with one, two, or three curved tiled roofs. * * I shrink from describing intra-mural Seoul. I thought it the foulest city on earth till I saw Peking, and its smells the most edious, till I encountered those of Shao-shing. For a great city and a capital, its meanness is scribable. Etiquette forbids the erection of two-storied houses, consequently an estimated quarter of a million people are living on "the ground," chiefly in labyrinthine alleys, many of them not wide enough for two loaded bullocks to pass, indeed, barely wide enough for a man to pass a loaded bull, and further narrowed by a series of tile holes or green slimy ditches which rebuil, and further narrowed by a series of vile holes or green, slimy ditches, which receive the solid and liquid refuse of the houses, their foul and fetid margins being the favorite resort of half-naked children, begrimed with dirt, and of big, mangy, blear-eyed dogs, which wallow in the slime or blink in the sun.

Roadside Tree Planting. from the Providence Journal.

The planting of trees and hedges along country roads should be encouraged. Shade prevents rapid drying of macadam, and hedges break the force of the winds which on unprotected highways blow the dust away, leave the stone foundations exposed. This point is urged at length in a road article by Colonel A. A. Pope in the Outlook. It is a mistake to assume that dust is detrimental to wheeling. On the contrary, it is essential to the preservation of the road, and should, if possible, be kept on the highway, as a shower will convert it into binding material. Trees and hedges cost little, and money expended in this way will be offset by decreased repairs. This is only a utilitarian side of the question. The attractiveness of the country is enhanced by trees and shrubs. A farming country without shade is not inviting, and whatever improves the roads and adds to the beauty of rural scenery is worthy of encouragement. The suggesposed. This point is urged at length in a and adds to the beauty of rural scenery is worthy of encouragement. The suggestion is deserving of consideration by town councils, because it is suggestive of decreased cost in road maintenance and higher values of property. The city man looking for a summer bome in the country is certain to note the difference between a farm bordered by trees and one that is barren of shade. It is not difficult to predict which will be his choice. RANDOM YERSE

Realfratton. Written for The Evening Star by Annie A. Hughes. If in my mind there lived a single doubt of immortality, at a cast it out, and in

reality
I know such natures cannot cease with breath,
But must live on and on, in spite of death.
Thy name and all thy laterests in life to me un known, and yet, known, and yet.

Thou art no stranger, "I would call thee wife.

Thire image I have thet;

Since first I dreamed of perfect womanhood

And the embodiment of all that's good.

The Opal. From the Chicago Record. 7

Essence of sunset,
Pearl of the morn,
Glow of red passion,
Beauty and scorn,
And violet love,
When wast thou born?

Of altars npreared In Eden's fair plain-One duly honored, The other in vain?

This with its blossoms
And fruit of the vine
That with the living,
And therefore divine;
This one unlighted,
And that one ashine? Art thou the mingled Passions at heart— The jealous unreason, The wild slayer's art— With that of the love Of its nobler part?

The blood of the victim
That cried from the ground?
Forgiveness that followed
The terrible wound?
The anguish of Eden
When Abel was found?

The crystalline mirror
Of hope and despair?
The glad fountain frozen
To silentness there;
Reflecting and holding
The base and the fair?

Such are the thoughts
The opal inspires;
Such are the gleams
That flash in its fires.
The mirth and the madness
Of human desires. Cheer Up!

Be of good cheer, there is some heart Ready to bear with us a part Of burdens which are on us cast, Or burdens which are on us cast, some one to love us to the last; Some hand to smooth life's rugged way; Some smile to cheer us day by day; Some angel, with a radiant brow, Is walking with us, even now!

—HENRY S. WASHBURN.

The Wind.

Edward W. Dutcher in Pall Mall Magazine. Out from an caves I spring at morn,
Freed from my thrall at last:
With an angry roar and a cry of scorn,
A challenge I blow on my brazen horn,
With flerce and defiant blast.

The ships at sea are my easy prey,
And I drive them before my breath
Through the midnight gloom till the break of day
Out from the hold of the sheltering bay,
To whirl in a waltz with death.

The sturdy cak of a hundred years
Like a reed I twirl and break,
Then rush away with a thousand cheers,
Nor heed the cry that is wrought in tears
For the havoc my legions make.

No human hand can compel to rest
My steed untrammeled and wild,
But a voice comes to me out of the west,
And I ruffle the down on the sparrow's breast
And kiss the lips of a child

Isn't It Awful? From the Toronto Globe,

There is a little maiden Who has an awful time; She has to hurry awfully To get to school at nine,

She has an awful teacher; Her tasks are awful hard; Her playmates are all awful rough When playing in the yard.

When has an awful kitty!

She has an awful kitty!

Who often shows her claws;

The turns upon her dress Who often shows her clay A dog who jumps upon her With awful muddy paws.

She has a taby sister.
With an awful little sees.
With awful unning dipples,
And such awful little toes. She has two little brothers, And they are awful boys, With their awful drums and trumpets; And make an awful noise.

Do come, I pray thee, common Come and this maid defend; Or else, I fear, her awful life Will have an awful end.

Love and Friendship. Love and Friendship came this way, By our village, t'other day. Friendship wore a cloak of gold, Rich and full with many a fold; Eros had but bow and arrows, And he aimed at men and sparrows, Ever singing, ever gay.

"Gammer, gammer, enswer true,
Which of us may sup with you?"
Some chose Love, that laughing fled
Ere the morning clouds were red,
While whose had Friendship bidden
Oftimes found young Cupid hidden,
Peeping that same mantle through.
—BLANCHE LINDSAY.

The Derelict.

I was the stanchest of our fleet Till the sea rose beneath our feet
Unheralded, in hatred past all measure;
Into his pits he stamped my crew,
Buffeted, blinded, bound and threw,
Bidding me eyeless wait upon his pleasure

Man made me, and my will
Is to my maker still,
Whom now the currents con, the rollers steerLifting-forlorn to spy
Trailed smoke along the sky;
Falling-afraid, lest any keel come near!
Blind in the hot blue ring,
Through all my points I swingSwing, and "eturn to shift the sun anew,
Blind in my well-known sky,
I hear the stars go by,
Mocking the prow that cannot hold one true!

I that was clean to run
My race against the sun,
Strength on the deep, am bawd to all disaster—
Whipped forth by night to meet
My sister's careless feet,
And with a kiss betray her to her master!
—RUDYARD KIPLING.

Applied Mathematics. From the Cap and Gown.

"My daughter," and his voice was stern,
"You must set this matter right;
What time did the Sophomore leave
Who sent in his card last night?"

"His work was pressing, father, dear, And his love for it was great; He took his leave and went away Before a quarter of eight." Then a twinkle came to her bright blue eyes, And her dimple desper grew.

"Tis surely no sin to tell him that, For a quarter of eight is two."

The Little Streets. anie Hamilton Donnell in the Youth's Comp "Tomorrow I'll do it." says Bennie;
"I will by and by "says Seth;
"Not now-pretty soon," says Janue;
"In a minute," says little Beth.

Oh, dear little people remember
That, true as the stars in the eky.
The little streets of Temorrow,
Pretty Soon and By-and-by
Lead, one and all,
As straight, they say,
As the King's Highway,
To the City of Not at All.

Journey Fellows. Bliss Carman in the Independent.

I said to the aspen leaves.
The timorous garrulous tribe of the forest folk,
"Who people the wilderness,
When the wind is away,
And sparrows and my
Keep silence of noon of a minmer day?" And the leaves replied,

Theu I said to the rain, The fleeing slivery multitudes "Who people the wilderness, When the noon is still, And valley and hill Feel their pulses slow to the

Then I said to the fog,
The ancient taciturn companies of the sea-mist,
"Who people the loneliness,
When your hordes emerge
On the gray se. verye,
And the wind begins his smalling dirgs?" And the fog replied. "Inquire of that inquistor at your side."

The Many Ways in Which Life May Be Made More Healthful, Safe and Enjoyable.

From the Minneapolis Tribune. That the city of the future is to be a very

different thing from the city of the present is as certain as that the human race is to advance. Nobody believes that our extravagant expenditures for light, for instance, are to be kept up, because a time is coming when the people will demand the same sort and amount of service for themselves in a mass as for themselves individually. Nobody believes that the operations of the board of health will be so feeble as to allow barking dogs, braying donkeys, crowing cocks, jangling bells, shricking steam whistles and smoking chimneys to be harbored in the quarters of a dense population, or watered milk to be sold, as it now is, or things intended to be used for food to be put on the sidewalks, exposed to the dust and filth of the streets, and the friendly attentions of every passing dog. Nobody believes that quarts of things will be open-ly sold that only measure a pint, or liquids ly sold that only measure a pint, or liquids sold in bottles that have a big hump underneath that will crowd out a couple of gills, or coal be sold as a ton that weighs 1,500 pounds. Nobody believes that in fifty years from now a whole street will have to be torn up whenever a drain is to be repaired or water is to be not into a beauty. to be torn up whenever a drain is to be re-paired, or water is to be put into a house, or a gas or sewer connection is to be made, or telephone wires to be introduced. No-body believes that in fifty years hundreds of thousands of people will be living as famines in single rooms, in our big cities, some of the rooms unighted and proposed. some of the rooms unlighted and none of them sufficiently ventilated. When it is shown, as it is by statisticians, that the shown, as it is by statisticians, that the death rate among people in the tenements is over 163 to the thousand, as compared with a rate of less than five and one-hair in the thousand among the people who live in clean houses, it becomes a question of immediate importance whether the city is doing its duty by not at once closing these doing its duty by not at once closing these moral and political as well as social and material pest holes.

Americans are slow to accept any more

Americans are slow to accept any more government than is necessary, but once it is resolved upon, no people are more obeament to it. That many of the evils under which the cities suffer are capable of amending, and at slight expense, is clear enough. When it is realized that the neglect of obvious duty has a deterrent effect upon right, as in the case of the grocer or butcher and milk merchant, who are allowed to cheat or to offer soiled and tainted food; when it is shown that it has an ill effect upon health to confine children in overcrowded school rooms and unventilated factories; when it is shown that it operates factories; when it is shown that it operates against life itself to tolerate the tenement system and the sweating system, a free people will insist upon the strictest regula-tion of those things by law.

Reform is coming in many ways. Our principal streets are no longer made hideous with ragged poles and overhead wires. In a few years more we shall have the Parls system of tunnels beneath the streets for the accommodation of sewers, water pines, steam pines, gas pipes, telegraph. pipes, steam pipes, gas pipes, telegraph, telephone and electric wires, so that re-pairs and extensions can be made without stopping travel or permanently marring the smoothness at. neatness of streets. These are but examples and indications of many reforms that will soon be compulsory in all our American cities.

ENGLISHMAN OF ROMANCE.

Sir Edwin Arnold's Life in the Flowery Kingdom. From the Philadelphia Record.

Sir Edwin Arnold, who legalized his union with a fascinating Japanese widow by an English marriage service in London recently, was always cosmopolitan in his ideas. Surely no Englishman born and bred has ever succeeded in merging his own individuality into that of other people's as the author of "The Light of Asia" and "The Light of the World" has done. When he Light of the World" has done. When he was in India in his young days his work showed his intense sympathy with the Buddhists, and in the preface to "The Light of Asia" he wrote: "This book was written gold had been newly discovered. The Swede dropped out of sight, and he was almost forgotten in the rush and change of the pioneer towns. Asia" he wrote: "This book was written by one who loved India and the Indian

people."

For two scores of years he was English for two scores or years ne was English to the core of his heart in the editorials he wrote for the London Telegraph, and in 1890 he came to America, seemed quite able to understand us (as few of his countrymen could do), and then he went on Japan and immediately began to live a

Japanais.

He lived in a native house, left his shoes He lived in a native house, left his shoes at his door, slept on a thick quilt and, they say, ate in true Japanese style. In his bedroom he had a cheap European washstand, two Japanese chests of drawers of white wood and black iron work, and the usual sliding cupboards, into which his bed was put when it was rolled up in the daytime.

The walls of the room were of tissue paper panels powdered with silver maple leaves, and a clear glass belt ran around the room "at a height inconducive to propriety," as one correspondent of the day remarked.

remarked.
The drawing room was glass paneled from door to ceiling, and the only thing in the whole house that hinted at other civilizations was an American stove, which stood

with such surroundings it is not much wonder that the impressionable poet found himself going through the ceremony of tea drinking with his charming companion of the hour, and that he was content to accept the ceremony as a home fide marriage. cept the ceremony as a bona fide marriage is tribute to his kinship with genius that since the world began has ever flaunted a little the staid laws and regulations that ordinarly folks find necessary to comfort-

able existence.

It was in Japan, by the way, that the Edwin began "The Light of the World, and, indeed, completed it, too, during his stay of several years.

JEALOUSY AS A DISEASE.

A London Doctor's Peculiar Experience With a Patent. From the London Mail.

Dr. William O'Neill, late physician to several Lincoln institutions, sends the following account of a strange experience to the Lancet. It describes a case of that very old and commonplace complaint, fealousy, or "spirit of jealousy," as it is named in the Scriptures, where it is fully described and treated.

Some years ago, he states, I was requested to visit a lady who, it was represented to me, was very ill and required immediate attention. On entering the house I was shown into the so-called sick room, in which there were three persons, all of whom seemed to me to be in good health. There were present an old lady (owner of the house) and her daughter, who had arrived a few days, previously. (owner of the house) and ner daughter, who had arrived a few days previously from a neighboring county to spend two or three weeks with her mother, and the daughter's husband, whose visit was only

daughter's husband, whose visit was only to be for a day or two.

The man was about thirty-five years of age, small in stature, swarthy in complexion and plain looking. The wife was a striking contrast to her husband. She was rather tall, remarkably fair and handsome and was a few years younger than her good man. I asked which of them was the patient, but no answer having been given to my inquiry, I asked again. Then the younger lady, with some hesitation, said: "I am the patient, and my complaint

hesitation, said:

"I am the patient, and my complaint is jealousy. I am jealous of my husband, and if you do not give me something to relieve me I shall go out of my mind."

This accusation against the little man seemed to me to be most ridiculous; indeed, I could not help thinking that if the accuser had been the accused it would have been more in the nature of things. I assured the lady I was extremely sorry for her, the more so that I was quite incompetent to treat such a case. The husband protested his innocence and declared there was no cause whatever for her accusations. The wife persisted in relievating them, and so the wrangle went on till suddenly she fell from her chair on the floor in a fit the spasmodic movements of which were strange and varied.

At one moment the patient was extended at full length with her body arched forward in a state of opisthotones. The next minute she was in a sitting position with the lags drawn up, making, while her hands clutched her throat, a guitaral noise. Then she would throw herself on her back

THE PATERNAL CITY and thrust her arms and legs about, to the no small danger of those around her. Then becoming comparatively quiet and supine, she would quiver all over, while her eyelids. trembled with great rapidity. This state perhaps would be followed by general convulsive movements, in which she would put herself in the most grotesque postures and make the most unlovely grimaces.

A Night With a Conch in the Gulf of

grimaces.

At last the fit ended, and, exhausted and in tears, she was put to bed.

The patient was a lithe, muscular woman, and to restrain her movements during the attack with the assistance at hand was a matter of impossibility; so all that could be done was to prevent her injuring herself and to sprinkle her freely with cold water.

The after treatment was more geographical than medical. The husband ceased doing business in a certain town where the object of his wife's suspicions lived. He was enabled to do so by the kindness of was enabled to do so by the kindness of a friend, who exchanged part of his dis-trict with him.

trict with him.

The fit was not the disease, but it was the symptom or manifestation of a mind diseased or deranged, the state of the mind being the result of a woman's broodings over her real or imaginary wrongs.

THE LOST KOMSTOCKER

A Rediscovered Mine Recalls the Story of a Crasy Swede's Rich Find.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "Mining regions can turn up more pecu liar facts and romances and superstitions than any other localities in the world, for the reason that all classes and conditions of men bump elbows with one another in a booming mining camp," said N. O. Hardesty of Denver. "Last summer there was a boom in

Whisky Park, a mining district near Columbine, Col., and there was a rush of miners and prospectors to locate claims. During the excitement a man of the name of Martin pushed out several miles ahead of Martin pushed out several miles ahead of Whisky Park, and while prospecting one day found a pile of rocks that attracted his attention on account of the peculiar way in which they had been arranged. The rocks bore the appearance of having been piled together by the hand of man. Martin began to investigate, and he removed but a few rocks until he found an old shaft. This old shaft had been abandoned and the top covered with this pile of rocks. and the top covered with this pile of rocks. It was evident from other reasons that some man had covered the shaft, as the some man had covered the shaft, as the recks bore pick marks. The snows of many winters had been melting in the mountains and washing down debris that had almost filled this shaft to the surface. Further investigation proved that this old shaft had been sunk on an extensive lead, and that it had been filled and abandoned after much money had been spent in development work. Near by was also found a large pile of mining timbers, rotted down partly to a dust heap, but still showing signs of having been carefully stacked. It was estimated that it would take at least thirty years for a pile of mining timbers to rot in this way. Therefore the conclusion was drawn that this mine had not been worked for thirty years. Then the questions arose: What was the name of the mine? Whose property was it? Why was it abandoned? Did this old shaft lead to great riches?

"Of course the accidental discovery of the pile of rocks, the finding of the old shaft

pile of rocks, the finding of the old shaft and the pile of mining timbers created much gossip throughout the district. The old-time miners, sitting around their camp fires at night, revived the story of the lost old-time miners, sitting around their camp fires at night, revived the story of the los. Komstocker, and it is an interesting story of the ploneer days of Colorado. It is a sad story of a poor, lonely Swede in search of gold. The name of this Swede is not known. He made his appearance in Rawlins, Wyo., soon after the Union Pacific rallroad was completed. Everybody considered him to be slightly daft, and he was the butt for the jokes of the rough miners and frontiersmen. He was called the 'crazy Swede.' He was a believer in spiritualism, and as he had been an old employe on the Comstock lode he declared that the spirits had informed him that he would be the discoverer of a mine far richer than that lode. He thoroughly believed that he would find another 'Komstocker,' as he expressed it in his Ole Olsen dialect. The Swede had saved several hundred dollars by hard work and economy, and he purchased a pony and a camping outfit and disappeared in the mountains to the south. While he had never been in that section, he declared that the spirits had given him secret information. All he would find a rich gold mine far to the south of Rawlins, toward the Hahn's Peak country in Color gold mine far to the south of Rawlin

"But the following spring, after the Swede had been absent one year, he came into Rawlins one day, and his pony was loaded down with bags of rich ore. He was extremely secretive, but dropped the remark that he had found his 'Komstocker,' as he called it. He sold his ore, bought new supplies and two more ponies. The word went around that the 'crazy Swede' had struck it rich, and there was much accitement among the miners. The Swede was watched, as the miners and prospectors intended to follow him when he left town; but he was shrewd enough to di-vine their intentions, and he eluded his watchers. Nobody could find his trail. The next fall a number of cowboys in a The next fall a number of cowboys in a round-up near the present location of Dixon, Wyo., found the carcasses of a saddle pony and two pack animals, and also found the saddles. They were identified as the property of the Swede. The Swede was never seen or heard of after he left Rawlins the last time. It is supposed that he was murdered. Years afterward the old miners in that section still told the story of the lost Komstocker. Now the story of the lost Komstocker. Now the story of the poor Swede is revived since Martin's discovery."

The Blessings of the Nile.

From the Philadelphia Press. From the beginning the Nile was an exceptional river. Its sources were unknown. There were those who thought that the Nile flowed down from heaven; that it welled up from streams that disappeared under the earth on another continent, or, at the very least, that its springs were inaccessible to man. There was no such mystery about the Euphrates. From the remotest times its sources seem to have been known by hearsay, if not by observation, to the dwellers on the coast. The Nile was beneficent even in its floods. The people learned to let the waters flow over their lands at the time of the inundation, and when they raised dikes and sunk canals and basins it was to let in the water not to keep it out. The Furnitarian canais and basins it was to let in the wa-ter, not to keep it out. The Euphrates also had its floods, but these were de-structive. They scarred the soft earth with ravines and swept the fertile soil on-ward to build new lands along the edge of the Persian guif. The people anticipated the overflow with dread, and their most absorbing task was to restrain the river within bounds. They became more inti-mate with the earth than their Egyptian mate with the earth than their Egyptian contemporaries. They learned how to mold the clay and to make their houses and the houses of their kings and their gods out of the material under their feet. The Egyptians learned something about brick manufacture, but they had no need to depend wholly upon that sort of building material. It was easy for them to obtain

X Rays on the Soldier's Lungs. From the Medical Record. The most important and far-reaching ap-

plication of the Roentgen rays is that pro-

terial. It was easy for them t stones, as their huge piles attest.

posed by Professor Kelsch, one of France's most eminent military doctors, and is nothing less than the precise precocious diagnosis of pulmonary tuberculosis. Professor Kelsch brings us the possibility of prompt-Reisch brings us the possibility of promptly eliminating from the army all those young latent tuberculous patients whose disease cannot be detected by the ordinary means of percussion and ausculation, but who soon become worse, contaminate their comrades, and finally, too late, are reformed, as the French say—that is, taken out of actual service. The great value of this application of the Roentgen rays is apparent when we consider the alarming number of such cases—one or two cases in five soldiers examined.—The number of men in the service will be thus diminished very sensibly. That, I admit, is a drawback from a military standpoint, but only apparently. On the other hand, how many young men saved from the overcrowding in harracks, dampness, hard tasks and exposure to the weather, may be returned to the pure air and simple life of the country, at a period when tuberculosis is still curable! I have known such cases cured simply by living in the country and riding on horseback. And when we think that one-fifth of the total mortality rate is due to tuberculosis, we are more than ever impressed with the great scope of usefulness of the Roentyen rays in this particular, to may actualing of its application to evilians. ly eliminating from the army all those

TURNING TURTLES

Mexico.

RARE AND EXCITING KIND OF SPORT

Riding the Green Fellows and Pegging Loggerheads.

KNOCKDOWN FLIPPERS

rem the New York Post.

"D'ye see that old wreck over yander?" said the Coach, pointing to some timbers which were visible in the moonlight, 'That's a curious thing, now; there's the hull of a big ship in water so shoal that yo' kin walk round it in dead low tide, They tell a curious story how old Johna pilot back yander-tried to take her through the five-foot channel an' missed it. Some say he wracked her on purpose; anyhow, there was doggened eurious things

The Conch stopped in his recital as though paralyzed; then, grasping my arm, he pulled me down flat upon the sand and whispered the mysterious word "Turkle!" We lay quiet, not moving a band, hardly breathing, a few moments, then peered over a little ridge of sand. Directly in the pathway of the moon, as it joined the sands, was a round object, which glistened in the light—the head of a turtle. The animal had come in almost opposite

to us, and was resting its fore flippers on the sand, and, with its head above water, reconnoitering, its long, deep sighing hiss had at once caught the ear of the Conch. The turtle rested in this way for five minutes, then, satisfied that the coast was clear, it clambered heavily and clumsily cut of the water and moved slowly up the sand, occasionally stopping and raising its bullet-shaped head, then letting it drop upen the sand. The higher it crawled the nore cautious it became, its huge black shape being easily seen on the sand. It finally halted on a line with our position, about ten feet from the bushes, which the sea never reached except in the heaviest gaies, and where the cand was soft and gates, and where the cand was soft and covered with sponges, sea-fans and other rejectamenta of the sea. Here the turtle began to dig, evidently using its hind flippers in throwing out the sand.

The Rush.

When the digging ceased the Conch whispered, "She's layin', now's our time," and he began to wriggle upon his hands and knees toward the water, and bade me do as he did. We had moved perhaps half way down to the water, when he sprang to his feet, and we both rushed at the turtle. Being between it and the water, it caught sight of us on the instant, and evidently had not begun to lay, as it turned

carght sight of us on the instant, and evidently had not begun to lay, as it turned and made so vigorous a flapping to reach the water that I fell completely over it in my eagerness and lack of skill.

"This side, this side! Quick! Now then, all together!" cried the Conch.

He had seized the side of the shell, and, recovering my feet, almost bilinded by the sand which the animal scattered with her flipper, I grasped the edge of the shell and lifted. It was easier said than done, as, being next to the hend, a location which I learned later was given to green hands, I received a telling biow over the neck the moment the snimal was lifted, which threw me against the Conch, who, in turn, lost his hold and went down. The turtle lost no time, but kept her powerful fore flippers no time, but kept her powerful fore flippers pounding the sand at a terrific rate, and when touched turned her head in my direction in a way that did not encourage any undue familiarity. Again we rushed to the attack, and again the flying fore flipper, that went through the air like the arm of a Dutch wirdmill, drove me from the posi-

"Yo' mus' hol' on, sah!" cried Buddy, breathing hard and settling back on the sand, with both hands grasping a hind flipper. "Yo' mus' hol' on, or she'll tote us right over yander."

Pounded and Hammered

In point of fact, the turtle had been towing us from the first, and every moment she was diminishing the distance between us and the water. I had never realized that there is so much sport and variety in turtle turning, and had always imagined it a prosaic work. This engagement had been short, but I had already been pounded and hammered in a manner which suggested the rounds of a prize fight from the stand-

point of the second-best man.

The turtle was so heavy that she would have been a good weight under the most have been a good weight under the most favorable circumstances, and I was becom-ing discouraged when the Conch suddenly let go and seized a plank lying in the drift-wood, which he thrust beneath the crawling animal. While I held back, with a power-ful effort, he lifted her on edge, and we literally bowled her over upon her back, where she beat her breast and ground hef flippers into the sand in her rage.

flippers into the sand in her rage.

"She was sorter heavy and lively," remarked Buddy, wiping his face on his sleeve and shaking the sand from his ears. I quite agreed with him; and, in all the various turns and experiences had since then
I never went through a harder battle.
Half an hour later a movement to the
north suggested that the party were maknorth suggested that the party were making a turn, and in the course of an hour Buddy and I had another experience—this time with a big loggerhead, which bit the plank and snapped at us viciously as we rushed to the attack. In all, five turties were turned that night. Their flippers were slit at once and tied together with rope yarn, and the following day they were taken to Garden Key and released in a big "erawl."

'crawl.' Here they had a swimming pen of a Here they had a swimming pen of a quarter of a mile in length, and whenever it became necessary to catch one, a scene was enacted that, for excitement, defies adequate description. The turtles spent most of their time lying on the sandy bottom, asleep, occasionally rising to the surface to utter a long sigh or inhalation, and it was at this time that they were captured.

Finally Explained. From the Atlanta Constitution.

Some time ago a gentleman of literary tastes, who subscribes for all the best magazines, read a poem in his favorite periodical-read and re-read it, but falled to grasp its meaning. He was persuaded, however, that it had a meaning of its own; or it would not have appeared in a periodical enjoying a reputation as a judge of good literature. He, therefore, submitted it to a critic who made a specialty of that kind of work, but the latter returned it with the indorsement:

"You're too much for me this time! I sat up with it three nights, but I'm not in good health, and can't lose any more sleep

over it."

This was discouraging, but, still convinced that there must be something in a he wrote a friendly letter to the editor, and asked him to oblige numerous readers by explaining the poem.

Several weeks elapsed before he received the following letter from the editor-in-

"My dear sir-I was interested to read

"My dear sir—I was interested to read your letter. Although the poem appeared in our publication, I must admit that I do not quite catch the author's meaning. I have looked up his address, however, which I cheerfully furnish you. Perhaps he can throw some light on the subject. I can't! Yours truly," etc.

He took the editor's advice and tackled the author, who, being unable to explain the things himself, replied evasively: "The things of God are foolishness to the world!"

The literary gentleman is keeping the poem by him as one of the curiosities of literature.

Wet Permitted.

From the Chicago Post.
"The subject of my lecture," said the "The subject of my lecture," said the man who had been engaged to give an entertainment for the benefit of the church, "will be 'The Weather."

"But, my dear sir," protested the chairman of the committee, "you forget that it would never do to permit any profamity in the church."